STORIES OF JUDGES.

From the Wit and Wisdom of the Bench and Bar.

Occasionally judges find themselves in conflict with members of the public who are under no professional privilege or restraint. Some maintain their dignity by finding and commmitting for contempt of court. This course may in some cases be necessary, but a delicate ridicule is generally much more effective. A troublesome attorney, who was pleading his own cause and raising untenable points before Lord Ellenborough, became exasperated because he was invariably overruled, and exclaimed, "My Lord, my Lord, although your Lordship is so great a man now, I remember the time when I could have got your opinion for 5 shillings." Such impertinence would, with many judges, have led to the committal of the offender; but Lord Ellenborough merely observed, with an amused smile, "Sir, I dare say it was not worth the money." The same judge was on one occasion sitting at the Guildhall, when Henry Hunt, the famous demagogue, appeared upon the floor of the Court. Mr. Justice Talfourd describes the scene which followed in these terms: "'I am here, my Lord, on the part of the boy Dogood,' proceeded the undaunted Quixote. His Lordship cast a moment's glance on the printed list, and quietly said, 'Mr. Hunt, I see no name of any boy Dogood in the paper of causes,' and turned toward the door of his room. 'My Lord,' vociferated the orator, 'am I to have no redress for an unfortunate youth? I thought your Lordship was sitting for the redress of injuries in a court of justice.' 'Oh! no, Mr. Hunt,' still calmly responded the judge: 'I am sitting at Nisi Prius; and I have no right to redress any injuries except those which may be brought before the jury and me in the causes appointed for trial.' 'My Lord,' then said Mr. Hunt, somewhat subdued by the unexpected amenity of the Judge, 'I only desire to protest.' 'Oh! is that all?' said Lord Ellenborough; 'by all means protest, and go about your business.' So Mr. Hunt protested, and went about his business; and my Lord went unruffled to his dinner, and both parties were content."

Great judges have always been the objects of intense respect and veneration to the English people, and few ordinary persons would venture to dispute without diffidence the law which they lay down. There is, perhaps, no more amusing or flagrant abuse of this confidence in judicial acquirements than the proceedings of Sir Edward Coke when he went in search of his daughter. He had lived for years on very bad terms with his wife, who, when he proposed to marry their only daughter to Sir John Villiers, carried her off and concealed her at a house at Oatlands belonging to the Earl of Argyll. Coke, receiving information of this, collected a body of armed men and put himself at their head. Encased in a breastplate, with a sword at his side, and pistols at his saddlebow, he arrived with his followers at the outer gate of the house, where he repeatedly demanded his daughter in the King's name, laingy it down for law that if death should ensue it would be justifiable homicide in him, but murder in those who opposed him. Such an opinion, coming from so inspired a source, was enough to cause the most resolute garrison to tremble, and the result was that Coke recovered his daughter without much difficulty.

Some judges cannot co-operate with juries. Mr. Baron Alderson was exceedingly impatient with a stupid jury, and often made his thoughts plainly known to them. A jury in a criminal case having returned a verdict which displeased him, he turned to the Sheriff, saying, "Good heavens, sir, can't I have another jury, and let these twelve persons go into the other court, where they can't do so much mischief?" To the disobedient jury he said, "Gentlemen, you will find in the other court, perhaps, in the course of the day, something which you can try." Then, in an absent, musing manner, he soliloquized, "No doubt there are some men who never can comprehend what evidence is; but that twelve such men should come together to-day and let that man off! Prisoner," to the happy man who had been acquitted, "the jury have acquitted you. Heaven knows why! No one else in court could have the slightest doubt of your guilt, which is of the grossest kind; but your are acquitted, and I can't help it."

The Lyre Bird.

In the vast forests of New South Wales, broken up and intersected with rock and ravine, stream and plain, you may still meet with one of the most beautiful birds nown to naturalists, that is the lyre bird.

The form and structure of the tail resembles an ancient Greek lyre, hence the bird's name. The size of this bird is about that of the common hen; the eyes are dark hazel, large, mild in expression, and very beautiful; the wings short and concave rendering great assistance when running, but little use in flight. The bird's running powers are extraordinary, and it is not easily overtaken; the legs are rather long; the color of the body is a reddish brown, and the general appearance is exceedingly graceful. The bird is of gentle disposition, and altogether harmless.

It is painful to know that the constant destruction of rare and beautiful birds, as well as animals is going on even to extermination. An English writer is authority for the statement that the lyre bird will soon be lost to us forever. He says that the tail feathers were formerly sold in Sydney at a low price, but now that the beautiful creatures are nearly exterminated the price has risen greatly. Upon fashion and sport, even more than the ignorant savages, he places the blame of their destruction, adding that the birds might easily have been domesticated and thus preserved.

The Raven's Acuteness.

Most animals are no match at all for the raven's cleverness. There was once a poor hare who allowed herself to be completely bamboozled. The raven pounced at the leveret, as the baby hare is called, but the mother drove the rascal away. But did the raven cease from troubling? Not a bit of it. He slowly retreated, encouraging the hare to follow him up and even pretending that he was afraid of her. In this fashion he led the unhappy mother to a considerable distance from her young one, and then all of a sudden—long before the hare had time to realize the meaning of the trick—rose in the air, flew swiftly back, caught the leveret in his beak and bore it away.

A similar plan was adopted by some ravens that wished to steal food from a dog. They teased him till he grew so angry that he chased them from the spot. But the wicked birds turned sharply round, easily reached the dish before him, and carried off the choicer bits in triumph.

As to the raven's power of speech, the following story—which is given on the authority of Captain Brown, who vouches for its truth—will show how aptly it can talk:

A gentleman traveling through a wood in the south of England was suddenly alarmed by hearing a shout of "Fair play, gentleman! fair play!" uttered very earnestly in loud tones. The cry being presently repeated, the traveller thought it must proceed from some one in distress, and at once began to search for him. In due course he came upon a couple of ravens attacking a third in the most brutal manner. He was so struck with the appeal of the oppressed bird that he rescued him without delay. It turned out that the bullies' victim was a tame raven belonging to a house in the neihborhood. Happily it knew how to use the catch words that it had so adroitly learned.

"Swain's Jumps."

Sedgemoor, the scene of the great battle which ended Monmouth's rebellion, is an extensive, level tract, which stretches from below the town of Bridgwater toward Somerton, the ancient capital of Somersetshire. The battle was fought on the 6th of July, 1685, and though its result left no hopes to the rebels, the Royalists nevertheless pursued the luckless fugitives with terrible zeal, and sacrificed the innocent with the guilty.

Among those arrested was one John Swain, a native of Shapwick, a neighboring village. He was taken in his bed a few nights after the battle by two dragoons, and next morning was marched off to Bridgwater, the headquarters of the King's army.

The wretched man was followed by his wife and children, and on reaching the highroad, about a mile distant from his home, he earnestly begged his guard to grant him a last request, namely, that he might perpetuate his remembrance to his children by showing them how far he could leap.

This simple though strange request was granted by the soldiers, who did not know the extraordinary activity of their prisoner. He accordingly dismounted, ran, and took three successive leaps, and before the dragoons had recovered from their surprise, he had entered the adjoining coppice, where it was not possible for horses to pursue him, as the wood was thick and the ground swampy.

Having thus got away, Swain remained in concealment among the ditches in the neighborhood until the danger had passed, when he returned to his family.

Four stones were erected on the scene of his feat, which have been renewed from time to time, and are still called "Swain's Jumps."

The Bee's Use for His Sting.

It will be a surprise to many to learn that, after all, the most important function of the bee's sting is not stinging. I have long been convinced that the bees put the finishing touches on their artistic cell work by the dexterous use of their stings, and during this final stage of the process of honeymaking the bees inject a minute portion of formic acid into the honey. This is really the poison of their sting. The formic acid gives to honey its peculiar flavor and also imparts to it its keeping qualities. The sting is really an exquisitely contrived little trowel, with which the bee finishes off and caps the cells when they are filled brimful with honey. While doing this the formic acid passes from the poison bag, exudes, drop by drop, from the point of the sting, and the beautiful work is finished.—Horticultural Times.

The Submerged Tenth.

Gen. Booth claims a marvelous measure of success for his Darkest England scheme of colonial industries and metropolitan shelters, upon which he has expended about £185,000. He has, he says, helped to feed 5,000,000 of hungry people, furnished a million with warm shelter, found work for over 10,000 unemployed, reclaimed and placed in situations 134 criminals, gathered from the streets and sent to situations 1,917 friendless girls, found and restored to their friends 1,295 lost people, and, generally speaking, wrought an immense amount of benefit, to say nothing of the miraculous reformations effected. He has spent £65,939 more than he received, and is therefore that much in debt, and he asks to have it made up.

The time when it makes a man the maddest to call him a liar is when he knows you to tell the truth.

KEEPING WARM.

Some Scientific Facts and Principles Plainly Stated.

That sheltering all animals from cold weather, from chilling winds which by their rapid motion carry off heat more rapidly, is the way to save food and to save waste of flesh. If by stopping this waste of heat from the surface all the food consumed will not be wanted to make heat, a portion of it can go to increasing the flesh, that is to producing growth, or more can be used in making milk, eggs, etc., within the animal.

Dyspeptic persons, those having feeble digestion, or a poor appetite, get less internal heat from food combustion and suffer from cold. Such persons need a warmer atmosphere, or warmer dwellings, and warmer clothing to retain the heat that is produced. This applies to all animals.

Close-fitting garments, garters, lacing, boots, shoes, neckties, etc., that prevent free, easy circulation of the blood, each and all diminish the amount of heat produced, and its uniform distribution. Exercise promotes more rapid circulation of the blood and increased heat production.

Rubbing wet horses and other animals dry is very useful, not only to save heat, but also to save cold-taking. For the same reason any damp garments should be replaced with dry ones as soon as possible, or enough covering be added to prevent chilliness from the evaporation.

Free perspiration (sweating) in hot weather carries off a large amount of heat, and keeps down the temperature. If perspiration be checked, sponging with water aids in cases of sun-stroke or depression from heat. Persons have gone into hot ovens unharmed by encasing themselves in moistened garments, the evaporation keeping down the heat from the body. Green wood, besides its inconvenience, is very unprofitable. A large amount of heat which the dry portions would yield is lost by being carried off in the evaporation of the sap. So of any wet or damp fuel of any kind

As confined air is a poor conductor of heat, all fabrics that are porous, that is full of little interstices, tubes, or holes filled with air, are the best protectors to keep heat from escaping from the surface of the body. A loosely woven garment or bed coverlid is warmer than a compact, firmly woven one, because the air in the texture of the former conducts heat less rapidly than the more solid ones. Loose-fitting garments are warmer than close-fitting ones, for reasons above given, and also because the air space between them and the skin is a non-conductor of heat.

Stone, brick or wooden walls, with perpendicular air spaces in them, are warmer than solid walls, because the air conducts the heat away less than the solid materials. A sheathing of tarred paper, or pasteboard or of any thick paper even, placed midway between the clap-boarding and the plastering, to form two thin air-chambers instead of one, adds greatly to the warmth of a house or other building. Two half-inch boards, set a little apart to leave an air space between, makes a far warmer house wall than the same thickness of wood in inch boards.

A layer of loose straw put between the wall and the earth banking up of a cellar adds much to the warmth on account of the air in the meshes of the straw. The same is true in covering roots or apples to be left out in heaps over winter.

Double glass windows are several times warmer than single glass, because of the non-conducting film of air between. So of double doors.

Moving air both carries off heat faster of itself and also increases evaporation, thus largely diminishing the temperature. A very small crack in a window, under or over, or by the side of a door or sash, or elsewhere, produces a draft that requires much extra fuel to counteract the effects.—American Agriculturist.

The Cruel Massacre at Lawrence.

"I was living at Lawrence, Kas., when Quantrell's gang sacked and burned the town," said Mrs. Ann Boettler to the Corridor man at the St. James. "There were very few able bodied men in the place at the time, and the guerrillas had everything their own way. They massacred 180 people. Jesse James, then a beardless boy of 16, was with the gang. I was living with a young woman named Stephens, whose husband was a Federal soldier. He had been wounded and sent home. Jesse James and three or four others of the gang invaded the house with the avowed purpose of killing Stephens, who was confined to his bed. He had been shot through the hips, and his body was paralyzed from the waist down. Mrs. Stephens met the guerrillas at the door and begged for her husband's life, but they only laughed at her. They crowded past her and approached the bed. 'Would you murder a wounded man?' asked Stephens. 'O, I guess you'll only be easier killed,' said James. 'I've killed nineteen people to-day, and I want to make it an even twenty.' Mr. Stephens had a large navy revolver under his pillow. He seized it and began firing. You never saw such scampering in your life as those guerillas did to get out of range. They rushed outside and fired a volley through the windows, breaking Mrs. Stephens' left arm. Then they set the house on fire. I was but a child of 12, but, with my help, Mrs. Stephens managed to get her husband out of doors, and she stood between him and the guerrillas. They told her to stand aside or they would kill her too, but she refused. Mr. Stephens still held his pistol, and they were afraid to approach and drag her away. Her husband commanded her to go and leave him to his fate, but she would not move. The guerrillas fired on her and she fell across her husband. They fired again and Stephens fell back dead."—Globe-Democrat.

The Poet Lowell's Second Wife.

I do not remember, and have no record of the time, when he married his second wife, Frances Dunlap; but the revolution she brought about in his life had begun before his friends knew the causes of it. She was one of the rarest and most sympathetic creatures I have ever known. She was the governess of Lowell's daughter when I first went to stay at Elmwood, and I then felt the charm of her character. She was a sincere Swedenborgian, with the serene faith and spiritual outlook I have generally found to be characteristic of that sect; with a warmth of spiritual sympathy of which I have never known another instance; a fine and subtle faculty of appreciation, serious and tender, which was to Lowell like an enfolding of the divine spirit. The only particular in which the sympathy failed was in the feeling that she had in regard to his humorous poems. She disliked the vein. It was not that she lacked humor or the appreciation of his, but she thought that kind of literature unworthy of him. This she said to me more than once. But aside from this she fitted him like the air around him. He had felt the charm of her character before he went to Europe, and had begun to bend to it, but, as he said to me after his marriage, he would make no sign till he had tested by a prolonged absence the solidity of the feeling he had felt growing up. He waited, therefore, till his visit to Germany had satisfied him that it was sympathy, and not propinquity for her, that lay at the root of his inclination for her, before delaring himself. No married life could be more fortunate in all respects except one—they had no children. But for all that his life required she was to him healing from sorrow and a defense against all trouble, a very spring of life and hope.—Atlantic.

Curing Balky Horses.

Here are a number of remedies for "balking horses." It is a matter that severly tries the patience of the most even-tempered, and for the relief of those troubled with such animals the rules of treatment recommended by the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals are given herewith for trial: 1. Pat the horse upon the neck; examine his harness carefully, first on one side, then on the other, speaking encouragingly while so doing, then jump into the wagon and give the word go; generally he will go. 2. A teamster in Maine says he can start the most balky horse by taking him out of the shafts and making him go around in a circle until he is giddy. If the first dance of this sort don't cure him, the second will. 3. To cure a balky horse simply place your hand over the horse's nose and shut his wind off until he wants to go and then let him go. 4. The brain of the horse seems to entertain but one idea at a time; therefore continued whipping only confirms his stubborn resolve. If you can by any means give him a new subject to think of you will generally have no trouble in starting him. A simple remedy is to take a couple of turns of stout twine around the foreleg, just below the knee, tight enough for the horse to feel it, and tie in a bow knot. At the first choke he will generally go dancing off, and after going a short distance you can get out and remove the string to prevent injury to the tendon in your farther drive. 5. Take the tail of the horse between the hind legs and tie it by a cord to the saddle-girth. 6. Tie a string around the horse's ear close to his head.

Curious Instinct of the Horse.

It is not an uncommon thing in the Argentine pampas—I have on two occasions witnessed it myself—for a riding horse to come home or to the gate of its owner's house to die. I am speaking of riding horses that are never doctored nor treated mercifully; that look on their master as an enemy rather than a friend; horses that live out in the open and have to be hunted to the coral or inclosure, or captured with a lasso as they run.

I retain a very vivid recollection of the first occasion of witnessing an action of this kind in a horse, although I was only a boy at the time. On going out one summer evening I saw one of the horses of the establishment standing unsaddled and unbridled, leaning his head over the gate. Going to the spot, I stroked his nose, and then, turning to an old native who happened to be near, asked him what could be the meaning of such a thing. "I think he is going to die," he answered; "horses often come to the house to die." And next morning the poor beast was found lying dead not twenty yards from the gate, although he had not appeared ill when I stroked his nose on the previous evening, but when I saw him lying there dead, it seemed to me as marvellous and inexplicable that a horse should act in that way as if some wild creature had come to exhale his last breath at the gates of his enemy and constant persecutor, man.

Would Be Careful.

A French journal says that a man who had a passion for shooting called one morning to his servant:

"There's a rabbit in the garden, Jacques! Hand me a gun."

"But, sir, it is 5 o'clock in the morning; everybody is asleep."

"No matter. I'll fire on tiptoe."

WHENEVER a man begins to think of leaving the devil's service he immediately offers to double his pay.

The portals of heaven can be seen by the man who stands on the bible to look.